



CUPOLA SKETCHES
BY DYON WILLIAMS

An Iowa hen has just laid an egg as big as a hubbard squash. It was a double-header, an egg within an egg—two perfect yolks, two perfect whites, two perfect shells. When eggs are selling at ten cents, this old hen-factory turns out a dozen with six lays. The hens recently sent to Australia to lay eggs in a contest are nine spots compared to this biddy. The unfortunate part of the whole matter is the owner of this hen doesn't know which of his flock threw that enormous breakfast delicacy. He has carefully questioned each hen in turn, but not one will admit the egg. The Hawkeyes are quite excited over the matter. They say that a hen of such caliber should have homage paid her and a bust of white china made to perpetuate her feat.

Perhaps it is best as it is. Suppose the hen was discovered and encouraged in producing such colossal globules of albumen. Like other hens she would sooner or later steal away to the wildwood and hide her eggs in a bunch of tickle-grass. There they would remain undisturbed and fast approaching that strength of odor akin to a soap factory in the last stages of decay, until the Dowdies came to town, or until the White Caps needed them in their business. Think of throwing ancient twin eggs as big as a hubbard squash at a victim of incensed muscular development!

But it was truly a wonderful egg, and really too bad the mother cannot be designated. If a man had laid an egg like that the papers would be full of his praises. The hen is altogether too modest. During the political campaign she deposits initial and photographic eggs all over the field of battle, prognosticating the election of good and true men. Then she goes away and leaves her handwork to the rude discovery of the corn-fed hired man. Political managers who couldn't lay an egg to save their lives, let alone one with an initial on it, are quoted on the results of the pending election and swell around as true fore-runners of calamity or joy, as the case may be.

But if you really want to know what is going to happen keep your eye on the hen that looks anxious.

The average man will be gratified to know that he can purchase a new stomach for \$1,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller has aided humanity this much at least: He has had a price set on a new bread basket for man's interior. It is well! In this age of cafeterias, grab-and-run counters, eat-on-the-wing stands and health food cupboards in overcoat pockets, it is a comfort to know that some day we may be rich enough to get new leather upholstery in our vitals.

It seems a sad commentary on American life that we have to hurry so hard to eat so little, but undoubtedly we should be thankful for life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and the fond hope that some day we will be rich enough to buy a new stomach.

Sometimes we balk in the harness at hurrying so fast and eating so much faster. We feel we would like to go slow awhile, lie on our back in the tall grass in the middle of a sweet-scented meadow, and wiggle our toes in wanton exuberance at the sun. About this time the landlord comes around with his bill. We awake with a start, grab a ham sandwich, cram it into our masticating orifice, and hurry back to the mines!

The next day we have dyspepsia and our wife tells us we need more physical exercise! But the worm will turn one of these days.

The man whose coal supply has been visibly weak and given to dizzy spells all winter, is not apt to see the pathetic side of the coal ultimatum on the part of the arbitration board. To one who has been warmed all winter long by a steam-heated house, taken in the warm and beautiful months of a glorious autumn, there cannot but come a feeling of compassion for Mr. Baer and others who are getting round-shouldered trying to be fair to a fickle public. For years these men of many cares and numerous coal mines, have been protecting the people by keeping the price of coal at such a stage that men could really mine it and live at the wages paid them. But the ungrateful public sided with the miners and now the mine owners are compelled to take the difference in wages out of the public instead. This is all well enough as long as it lasts, but the fickle miners are quite apt to become disgruntled and take the part of the public just as the public has taken the part of the miners. The result is worrying, but to date no one of the coal poolbabs has suggested that profits be curtailed a little. They seem to have entirely overlooked themselves in this matter. Such broad forgetfulness of self is indeed worthy of commendation. Bless them, the great-hearted coal men.

The back-beer sign, that indispensable authority, admonishes us that spring is here. Synonymous with the picture of the goat rampant upon a pony-peg, the rural editor notes facetiously that "spring has sprung, gentle Annie!" Now that she has indeed sprung, let us consider her!

First, let us beware! She is a fickle jade. To-day she may shed her effulgent balm upon us, regale us with her sunny showers, her odorous aroma—to-morrow, chill us where we wore our red flannels and perspired! Once upon a time Aristotle permitted his confidence to find lodgment in Spring's voluptuous bosom! One rosy morning when all nature was in tune and the earth seemed steeped in honey of purpose, he saw a sparrow fly! High aloft in the ethereal azure his eye followed her flight—and the sun shone! Straightway Aristotle went to his wife and demanded his gauze underwear—"the ones with the ribs in 'em." After hunting through eleven bureau drawers, seven trunks and an acre of band-boxes, she found the anatomy covers in the escritoire drawer in the guest's chamber.

"Careless woman," cried Aristotle, "it is a wonder they were not stolen long ago!"

Then he took them ungratefully and undressed, to find, upon trial, that the summer things needed the same sort of repairs so common to cane furniture. While he stood around on one leg grumbling, the good woman revamped them, as it were. Then Aristotle dressed and, throwing on some new spring "rags," went out on the parked boulevard, into the carolling world, as happy as a box-elder bug on a chintz curtain in the front parlor. But that night he came back as humped as a porcupine in action. His nose was red, sappy and pinched; there were goose-pimples on him as big as the proverbial hen's-egg hailstones. His voice sounded like a horse-fiddle at a charity party and his teeth rattled like a pair of bones in negro minstrelsy. The women folks put him to bed and the next day he wrote:

"One swallow does not make spring, nor yet one fine day!"

To this day the above is quoted frequently. Thus we see the influence of gauze underwear on succeeding generations!

Ever and anon some one exclaims, "See the young man! This is his day and age!" So were the day and age of yesterday his. He was full of ginger then as he is percolated with hop tonic now. Roosevelt is young, to be sure, but over a century ago Charles James Fox was still calling his progenitor "papa," when he became Lord of the English Admiralty. He was then but twenty years old. William Pitt was scarcely old enough to go out nights alone when he became Premier of England. Prince Edward was at the feminine sweet sixteen when he fought the battle of Crecy, and at twenty-four he led the English army to victory. This is the age to-day when a young man is leaving school to take a position as billing clerk in a large sixteen-story building. And Mozart—at the age of sixteen was director of the Archbishop of Salzburg's orchestra. Where is there a president to-day at eighteen? And yet, David, the shepherd boy, was a king at that adolescent period in his life. Raphael, Cortez, Patrick Henry, Napoleon, Alexander, Keats, Burns and Byron were mere beginners at manhood when they reached the pinnacles of their fame. The young man of to-day must not be allowed to think he is any smarter or brighter or better than the young man of yesterday. Self-assumption and self-esteem are often bad for him. It is well to call his attention to the truth now and then. It keeps his ego down.

When little Prince George of Wales was baptized recently, he scratched and howled like a son-of-a-bitch. This leads a paragrapher to remark that royalty, like whiskers, has to grow on some people. To our mind the whooping of little George is not much of an augury. When at his age we were all more or less like the house feline—opposed to water. Even to this day some enjoy immersing in water about as much as others "enjoy poor health."

Mercy! Don't think we deprecate bathing. Far from it. We take a bath ourselves occasionally, but we cannot say that we rip-roaringly enjoy that plunge except during the heated weather. When we arise in the morning we are not titillated over the thoughts of our ablutions. We do not laugh, "Ha! Ha!" when we see the bath tub for the first time that morning, neither do we snicker, "Ho! Ho!" when the mad water begins to swish into the porcelain urn. We never knew why this was before. Alas! We are not of the royalty! We are just a plain, servile, lowly plug who don't use cologne in his "bath" water or laugh loudly in enjoyment of a royal plunge. "Know thyself" is good advice. Day by day we are "finding ourselves out." We feel that it promises much for the future, as it is hard to live peaceably with one you do not fully understand.

Authors who have been around the circle are wont to write of "Great Men I Have Known." Indeed the tendency has been to wear the great men fad threadbare. How would it do for some clever spinner to yarn about "cobblers I have known" or "blacksmiths of my youthful days?" This second suggestion does not refer to pretentious blacksmiths, but the real sort as sung of in "The Village Blacksmith." There are some characters in these trades worthy of perpetuation.



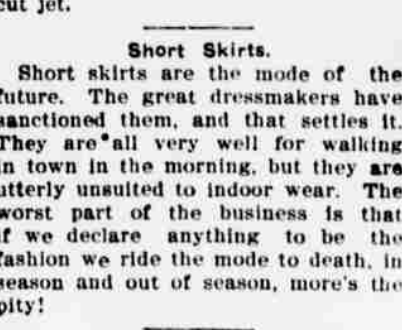
Theater Waist.
Blouse of coral pink mousseline de sole, shirred and puffed at the top and trimmed with bands of black open-work insertion. Tabs of black guipure form a shoulder collar around the full yoke, or guimpe, of cream flut lace.

The draped sleeves open on the outside over a large puff of the material shirred and puffed at the top. The deep cuff is of the black guipure. —Neuwest Blousen.



Tiaras for Matrons.
To the matron belongs the right of wearing the tiara, and young girls rarely indulge in anything more ambitious than simple little floral and ribbon wreaths. The stately tiaras are more beautiful this year than ever. Some of them are shaped like little coronets and fasten from side to side of the head with a long slender brooch pin. Many of the simple tiaras are of coral, which mingles exquisitely with cut silver. Others are of topaz, tourmaline, sapphires and one beauty is of pearls and emeralds. Some very lovely and comparatively inexpensive ones are made of cut jet.

Short Skirts.
Short skirts are the mode of the future. The great dressmakers have sanctioned them, and that settles it. They are all very well for walking in town in the morning, but they are utterly unsuited to indoor wear. The worst part of the business is that if we declare anything to be the fashion we ride the mode to death, in season and out of season, more's the pity!



Pomander Again Fashionable.
The pomander, which was so highly esteemed by our great-grandmothers, has again come into fashion. It consists of a ball of sweet-smelling herbs, well pounded, and inclosed in a perforated gold or silver case, and may be worn on one of the pretty jeweled chains which nowadays no self-respecting woman would be without, or depending from a chateleine or bracelet. In the days of the plague pomanders were made of special

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

To make a dull fire burn up throw a little salt or a lump or two of sugar on it. This will quickly have the desired effect.

When nailing into hardwood the nails often bend. This may be prevented by dipping them into lard, oil

The gown at the left is of green silk gauze made up over blue taffeta and beautifully embroidered with gold woad heads.

or other grease before hammering them in.

To make a good china cement mix plaster of paris into a thick mullage and apply to the broken edges. Press firmly together and leave for a few days. This is a very strong cement.

Dissolve half an ounce of borax in a pint of water, add one-half teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, two spoonfuls of eau-de-cologne; put them into a bottle, and put a tablespoonful of this mixture into the water with which you clean your teeth daily. It will whiten the teeth and strengthen the gums.

Quick Chocolate Pudding.
Put a pint of milk on to scald. Wet a heaping tablespoon of flour, smooth, in a little milk, add a piece of butter, more or less as you like it, as to richness, and one egg, well beaten. Grate a square of chocolate and add to the mixture, stirring, to keep smooth and prevent burning. Boil, or cook, about five minutes, to cook the flour, then turn in a dish, that has been wet in cold water. Eat with milk or cream.

Another quick dessert is made by soaking crackers in hot milk, till soft, then put in saucers, and cover with canned peaches and little sugar. Pour cream over the dessert, just before serving. Very nice and easy to prepare.

White Lace and Velvet.
The large hat shown is made of white lace and the brim is bound with pale pink velvet. A trail of pink flowers starting from under the left



brim goes over the outside and across the crown.

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BALL GOWNS FROM PARIS.



The gown at the left is of green silk gauze made up over blue taffeta and beautifully embroidered with gold woad heads.

The low neck is trimmed with a drapery of guipure and festoons of pearls attached to the bodice with emeralds.

herbs, which the doctors considered disinfectant, such as feverfew, mugwort and hayweed. These were steeped in stale ale. For typhus, cinnamon and oil of valerian were recommended to be worn against the skin.

Attractive Street Gown.



A tan tulle street gown, stitched in black and trimmed with black passementerie ornaments. The tan tulle is trimmed with violets.

Some Novelties.
Cashmeres under various names would seem to be coming into vogue, especially those that are printed in cashmerian patterns. Most of the gossamer fabrics for balls are spangled, but this does not seem to suffice, for they have over them appliques of floral leaves or symmetrical designs, as also silk embroidered in Persian and Oriental coloring. Floral trimmings for gowns have several novel points. Very small roses and very big ones are employed, and chiffon flowers and satin flowers are intermixed with the ordinary artificial kinds, and garlands of flowers for bodice and skirt trimmings are most frequently mingled with satin ribbon and drooping ends. Grapes are figuring as dress trimmings, and so are hop and vine leaves.

Simple Rice Pudding.
Wash well a scant cup of rice, place in pudding dish with pinch of salt and three tablespoons of sugar, cover with milk and stir until sugar is dissolved, then put in oven, which should be of moderate heat, and bake slowly for two hours. Do not stir mixture after putting in oven, but, as the milk absorbs, all more until a quart has been used. For a smaller pudding use half the quantity.



HARD TO BEAR.

Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured.

People are learning that backache pains come from disordered kidneys, that Doan's Kidney Pills cure every Kidney ill, cure Bladder troubles, urinary derangements, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease.

Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of Kidney Specifics.

J. W. Walls, superintendent of streets of Lebanon, Ky., living on East Main street in that city, says: "With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the H. H. Murray Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Walls will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address: Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

You can't say of cattle that they be a sort of howling swell.

PITNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

No man can keep a wife's love by preserving it in alcohol.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash.

It is time to money the poor as well as the rich should die young.

No chromos or cheap premiums, but a better quality and one-third more of Defiance Starch for the same price of other starches.

Don't depend on luck to push you uphill.

"The Klean, Cool, Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

The predictions of the weather man are often fair but false.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so, use Seltzer Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

The pill of matrimony is easily swallowed when it is glided.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Broncho Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Frauds in "Old Masters."

Disclosures in regard to bogus "old masters" in France led an English artist who copies celebrated pictures to declare that at a recent exhibition he recognized no less than seven of his own works posing as originals. The same artist has a curious tale to tell of a certain millionaire, one whose most valuable picture had somehow been damaged. The artist was sent for to restore it and found that he had to restore one of his own copies.

Can Not Devise a Scheme.

Lord Strathcona writes to London that he would gladly welcome an arrangement by which money could be provided to assist suitable British families to emigrate to Canada, but no scheme seems to commend itself either to the government or to capitalists.

To Show Arctic Flora.

Hothouse displays of tropical plants are common enough, but it is now proposed to construct in London an Arctic garden with the temperature lowered by refrigerating processes, where all sorts of Arctic flora would be exhibited.

After Four Months in Bed.

Powersville, Ky., April 27th.—Mrs. J. J. Monson, who has been ill for over eight years, says:

"Yes, it is truly wonderful. I am 36 years of age and for the last eight years I have suffered with acute kidney trouble."

"I tried all the doctors, within reach and many other medicines, but got no relief till I used that new remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills."

"I was confined to my bed for four months this winter and had such a pain in my side I couldn't get a good breath. I had smothering spells, was light-headed and had given up all hope, for I didn't think I could live long."

"After I had taken a few of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to improve and I kept on till now, as you can see, I am well."

"I have been up and doing my own work for sometime now and haven't felt pain or weakness since."

"I praise the Lord for my wonderful restoration to health and will always recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

You can't blame a man for not taking his own advice when to one else loses.